

# ON THE HIGHER BASE BALL

## BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"Ever go to a base ball game?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Not now," said Mr. Dooley. "I haven't got the intellect for it. When I was a young fellow nawthin' pleased me better than to go out to the ball grounds, get a good cozy seat in the sun, take off my collar and coat, and buy a bottle of pop—not so much, mind ye, for the refreshment, because I niver was much on pop, as to have somethin' handy to reprove the empire with when he give an erroneous decision. Not only that, me boy, but I was a fine amachoor ball player meself. I was first baseman iv the Prairie Wolves when we beat the nine iv indine company 5 to a score iv four hundred and eight to three hundred and twenty-five."

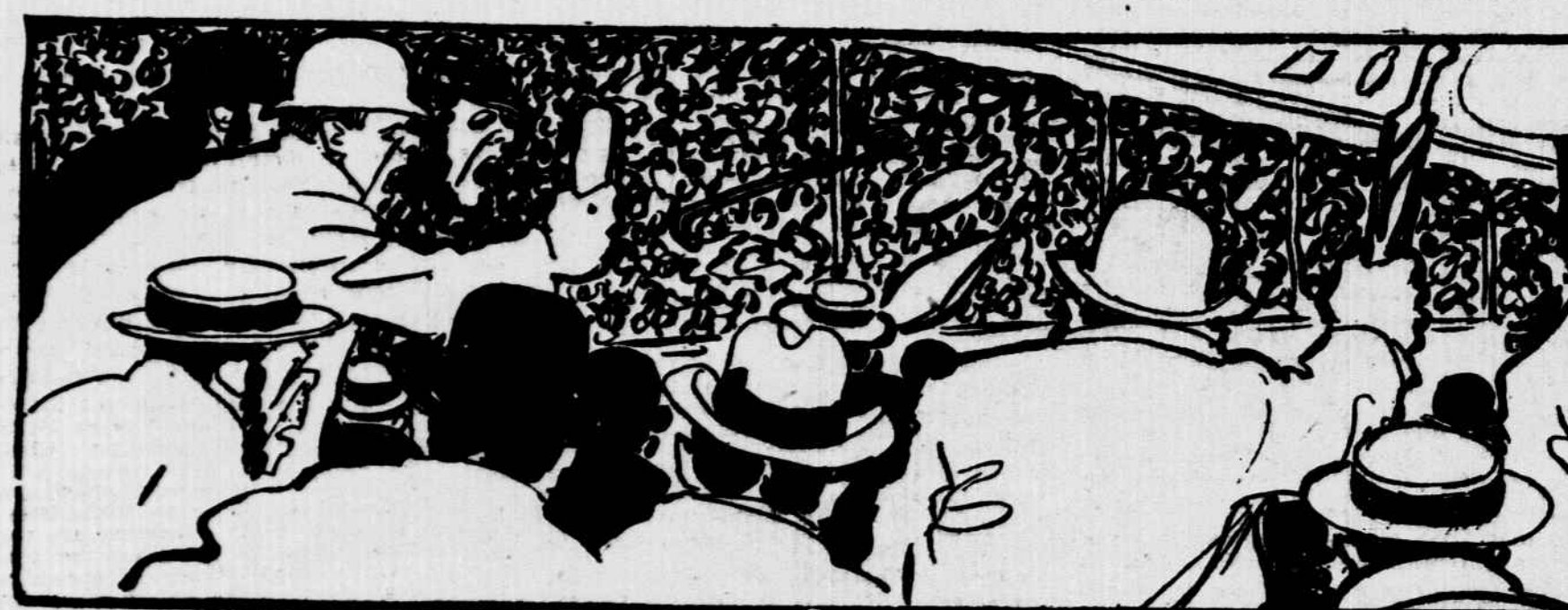


"It was very close. The game started just after low mass on a Sunday mornin' and was called on account iv darkness at the end iv the fourth inning. I knocked the ball over the fence into Donovan's coal yard no less than twelve times. All this talk about this here young fellow Baker makes me smile. When I was his age I wudden't count anythin' but home runs. If it wasn't a home run I'd say: 'Don't mark it down,' and go back an' have another belt at the ball. Them were the days."

"We usen't to think base ball was a science. No wan was very good at it that was good at anything else. A young fellow that had a clear eye in his head an' a strong pair iv legs under him, an' that was onasly in the close atmosphere iv the schoolroom, d'ye mind, an' didn't like the pro-fis-ayon iv plumbing, was like as not to fine a ball team. He come home in the fall with a dimon in his shirt front an' a pair iv hands on him that looked like th' boughs iv a three that's been struck by lightning, an' he was th' hayro iv th' neighborhood till his dimon melted an' he took to drivin' a truck. But 'tis far different nowadays. To be a ball player, a man has

to hav' a joyn't intellect. Inside base ball, th' pe-apers calls it, is so deep that it'd give brain fever to a pro-fessor iv astronomy to thry to figure it out. Each wan iv these here mathematical januses have to carry a thousand mysterious signals in his head, an' they're changed ivry day an' sometimes in th' middle iv th' game. I'm sorry for th' poor fellows. In the old days when they were through with th' game they'd maybe stray over to the Dutchman's for a pan iv beer. Now they hurry home to their study an' spend th' evenin' porin' over books iv alligibers an' thrygymothery.

"How do I know? Hogan was in here last night with an article on 'Mystrics iv Base Ball.' It's a larn- ed man. Here it is: 'Th' ordinary ob- servare, or lunkhead, who knows nawthin' about base ball except what he larned be playin' it, has no idee that th' game as played today is wan iv th' most intricate sciences known to mankind. In th' first place, th' player must have an absolute mastyrv iv th' theory iv ballistic motion. This is especially thryve iv th' pitcher. A most exact knowledge iv mathematics is required for th' position. What is vulgarly known as th' spit ball, on account iv th' homely way in which th' operator procures his effects, is, in fact, a solution iv wan iv th' most intricate problems in mechanics.



"What'd I be doin' at th' likes iv a game like that? I'd come away with a narvous headache. No, sir, when I

take a day off, I take a day off. I'm Pro-fessor Slaggood, an' I harly knew wint to Heidelberg when ye left here?" says I. "I niver heard iv th' team. I That's th' day I've got th' smoke on th' to it. Thin another day, when I feel just as good as Iver, Irvythin' I toss across looks like a thrunk covered with electric lights. That's th' afternoon I take me girl for a walk. What's th' name iv that fellow that wrote th' article ye was readin'?" says he. "What d'ye want to know for?" says I. "I want to find out how I do it when I do it, an' why I don't do it when I don't," says he.

"I ast him about th' science iv bat- tin'. He said it was n' hittin' on'y th' good wans. His idee iv th' mathy- matics iv feldin' was niver to thry to catch a ground ball with th' ankle, or a fly ball with th' nose. 'When,' says I, 'd'ye pitch best?' 'A day or two,' says he. 'Before I sign me contract,' he says. I asked about his thralin'. It is simple but severe. After break- fast he goes to dinner. His dinner is usually interrupted in th' middle iv th' fifth pie be th' summons to th' game. After supper he sets in a rockin' chair in front iv th' hotel till th' manager goes to bed, when he an' th' other athletes sojourn to a rath- skellar. He is invariably in bed before th' manager gets up. In return for all their sufferin', these hayroes are threated like white slaves. His salary is on'y nine thousand dollars a year, an' fr this he is often compelled to pitch ivry other week.

"That's all I cud get out iv him, an' there ye are. I know no more about th' subjick now, at th' end iv me in- vestigation, thin William Alden Smith knows about steamboats and icebergs."

"Annyhow, 'tis a gr-and game, Hin- nissy, whether 'tis played th' way th' pro-fessor thinks or th' way Petie larned to play it in th' back yard, an' I shudden't wonder if it's th' way he's still playin'. Th' two gr-and American sports are a good deal alike—polly- ticks an' base ball. They're both played be fellows that cudn't throw a base ball or stuff a ballot box to save their lives, an' are on'y interested in count- in' up th' gate receipts. An' here are we settin' out in th' sun on th' bleach- ing boards, payin' our good money for th' sport, hot an' uncomfortable for happy, inlyin' ivry good play, hootin' ivry bad wan, knowin' nawthin' about th' inside play an' not carin', but all jinin' in th' cry iv 'Kill th' empire.' They're both gr-and games."

"Speakin' iv pollyticks," said Mr. Hennessy, "who d'ye think'll be fillet- ed?"

"After lookin' th' candidates over," said Mr. Dooley, "an' studyin' their qualifications carefully, I can't thruth- fully say that I see a presidential pos- sibility in sight."

"'twas as mysterious as all that, how cud Tom Donohue's boy Petie larn it, that was d'ed fr'm th' brothers' school because he cudn't add?"

"Well, I dinnow," said Mr. Dooley. "I thought iv that th' last time he was in here, I'd been readin' a article be-

since I seen ye last, I says, 'How long a coorse iv science did ye take before ye entered th' profession?' says I. 'Put 'em lower,' says he. 'Th' sun's in me eyes,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'where did ye larn base ball?' I says, 'In th' back yard, with a bed slat an' a woolen ball,' he says. 'Thin it isn't thrue ye

# CLARENCE CULLEN'S NEW YORK LETTER

## Sidetracking the Boy's Ambition

Special Correspondence of The Star.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1912.

F anything here following should denote a condition of acute mania on the part of the writer heretofore let it be attributed to the fact that it is being written in a room of an apartment overlooking one of those hol- low - echoing - pandemonium New York apartment houses.

The humble scrivener heretofore hath been engaged in trifling little literary activities in the aforesaid room over- looking the said booby-hatch corner since a reasonable early hour this forenoon, and it is now close upon bed- time.

No, it is not a tenement house. It is an apartment house, just to live in merely middling and moderate quarters in which there is a monthly chunk out of the bank roll precisely as if the name had been massed up by a Whitehead torpedo. If this should seem difficult to believe, in view of what may follow, let it be explicitly stated that it is an apartment house only a very few doors from Riverside drive.

The courtyard is square, large, deep and high, and it is the abode of echoes as on any canyon in Colorado or Arizona ever was or ever will be. The sable-gabble of the handmaidens en- gaged in getting breakfast in kitchens overlooking the courtyard began to echo with the hard peep in constant use as early as 7 o'clock this morn- ing, when these eyes still were pad- docked in slumber. The chatter con- sisted of observations in Finnish, Lap- landese, Scandivollian or all brands, Afro-Americanese, Slavonian, Rou- manian, Coptic, Yiddish and Miletan.

The Miletian young person of the culi- nary department was complaining loudly to this essence:

"Phwat d'youse 'link? Me bustin' meself wide open gittin' dinner fr 'em las' night, an' they tellyphonin' at six o'clock at night and they ain't comin' home fr dinner! Phwat d'youse 'link o' that?"

I don't know to whom she was ad- dressing her plaintive observations, un- less it was to me. Echo herself. Cer- tainly it was. Echo who took up her remarks and disseminated them.

And so I reluctantly abandoned bed. It was just as well. I'd have had to do that same within a few minutes any- how. For the cheery janitor, a Dane (a great-souled Dane) started into the cen- ter of the world of echoes a few minutes

later. Like all janitors of his species, he talks to himself; rumbles, I should say, and he is always filled with wrath. This causes him to treat the garbo cans as if they were his personal enemies. He rages at them. He hurls them about. A Danish janitor and a hundred gar- bage cans being juggled in an echoing courtyard at a quarter past seven in the morning—nawno, nawno, there is no ne- penite, no balm in Gilead! He storms at the dumb-walters which carry the gar- bage cans up and down, he howls and rages at the handmaidens who do or don't attend to the dumb-walters carrying the garbage cans. It is the nearest thing to great gun practice on a man-o-war that the chronicler heretofore ever heard or ever will hear. The deep, insistent, in- cessant guttural of the north European, the galvanised garbage cans being mer- cilessly thrown at the handmaidens, the derisive jeers of the handmaidens leaning out of their kitchens lending a sort of parrot choir to the horrible rattle of barbaric discord to hear it just once is to forget it never.

There is breakfast. Breakfast partaken of to the obligato of the tumult as of battle in the courtyard. There can be no conversation at the breakfast table. The tightly closed windows utterly fail to shut out the wild, hideous inharmonies of the echoing courtyard.

After breakfast, a few moments of canine barking is out front pollat- ing the brass railings. We settle down to write in the room overlooking the courtyard. We see a disheveled group of nine fat, waxy-looking Teutonic players of brass instruments, lined up in their dirty uniforms in the courtyard, dish- ing out sounds that no dope-mad- ded Chinese orchestra ever equaled or ever could equal—and this, at 8 o'clock, as we write, begins a horrible boom-pat- ing in the courtyard. Peering out of the window, we see a disheveled group of nine fat, waxy-looking Teutonic players of brass instruments, lined up in their dirty uniforms in the courtyard, dish- ing out sounds that no dope-mad- ded Chinese orchestra ever equaled or ever could equal—and this, at 8 o'clock, as we write, begins a horrible boom-pat- ing in the courtyard. Peering out of the window, we see a disheveled group of nine fat, waxy-looking Teutonic players of brass instruments, lined up in their dirty uniforms in the courtyard, dish- ing out sounds that no dope-mad- ded Chinese orchestra ever equaled or ever could equal—and this, at 8 o'clock, as we write, begins a horrible boom-pat- ing in the courtyard.

Why? We like to answer these easy ones. Because the janitor gets his bit. If there is anybody imbecile enough to toss out a coin or coins to the unspeak- able jakey-band the janitor shares the fifty-fifty cut. Therefore, the jakey-band is permitted to slouch into the courtyard at 8 o'clock and there to make as much great many of the folks living in apart- ments overlooking the court are still asleep. Because the janitor shares the fifty-fifty cut. Therefore, the jakey-band is permitted to slouch into the courtyard at 8 o'clock and there to make as much great many of the folks living in apart- ments overlooking the court are still asleep. Because the janitor shares the fifty-fifty cut. Therefore, the jakey-band is permitted to slouch into the courtyard at 8 o'clock and there to make as much great many of the folks living in apart- ments overlooking the court are still asleep.

in the courtyard of a New York apart- ment house? The master of revels ob- serves, or lunkhead, who knows nawthin' about base ball except what he larned be playin' it, has no idee that th' game as played today is wan iv th' most intricate sciences known to mankind. In th' first place, th' player must have an absolute mastyrv iv th' theory iv ballistic motion. This is especially thryve iv th' pitcher. A most exact knowledge iv mathematics is required for th' position. What is vulgarly known as th' spit ball, on account iv th' homely way in which th' operator procures his effects, is, in fact, a solution iv wan iv th' most intricate problems in mechanics.

"Th' purpose iv th' pitcher is to pro- ject th' projectile so that at a pint be-

where nobody ever learns anything nor wants to learn anything.

Scarce have the "Wux-traw" shouters departed with their harvest before a mis- erable little snipe of a crafty-eyed, seven- year-old boy, artfully ragged for what's in it, takes up his position on the grassy mound in the courtyard and begins to pipe, in a manner shockingly like the mawkin singers of ballads in the music halls, some blubbery ballad. He is a foxy little codger, who, with the aid of his ragged make-up and his pitiful as- pect, artfully devised, picks up as high as \$5 and \$7 a day in the courtyards of New York apartment houses by whin- ing the mawkin songs of the hour. He sticks in the courtyard until the flow of silver from the windows ceases—and then gets into a shadowy corner with the janitor and slips that out-for-the-dust function- ary his bit.

Why proceed? The hucksters begin to come early in the forenoon; the other young women practicing "for grand opera," gets on the job; the hunky bum with the accordion swings along and makes his maddening sounds; the blithe ice men chatter volubly and generally profanely for half hours at a stretch with the janitor, and it is all repeated all over again, hour after hour, through the live- long day—and all the time the baby never gets its mind off the job for a minute. As Chuck Connors once told us: "A writin' ain't no business!"

CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

A True Optimist.

PROF. HORATIO PARKER, the com- poser of the opera of "Mona," which was the Metropolitan Opera's ten-thou- sand-dollar prize, said at a recent dinner in his honor:

"I am optimistic as to the future of America—music as optimistic almost as Flyte."

"America, you know, bought a ticket in a raffle for an aeroplane. The raffle went to come off for a month, but the very next day a carpenter was seen wending his way with a bag of tools toward Flyte's house."

"What job do you want done, sir?" the carpenter asked on his arrival.

"I want you," Flyte replied, "to build me a nice hanger in the back yard."

Young Tom had never heard of Jones, this particular Jones. So when his father handed him a note, signed "John Jones, editor of the Rib-Tickler," and asking for an interview with him, he very carefully parted his hair, polished his shoes and brushed his clothes. At 10:15 he presented himself.

He found himself ushered by a small boy into a room almost bare of furnis- hings. A rickety kitchen table and two chairs were all the room con- tained. The walls were adorned with lith- ographs and cheap spatterings of paint. To him it was an ideal editorial room for a humorous magazine. It was what he had pictured.

"Morning," grunted "Editor" Jones. "Let's get right down to business. Many think humor is machine made. It isn't. Real humor is spontaneous. I'll have you write something for me; write it here, you know. Your father speaks highly of you."

"What first?" asked Tom, believing he could do anything.

"A burlesque, make it so ridiculously funny it will sell the edition even if all the other stuff is rot."

"Tom's eyes grew big. Was this the way great men had become great? Why, he had never written a burlesque. Was he expected to scribble wonders in a line he had never tried? Mentally frantic, with brain in chaotic state, knowing now

that his belief of capability had been but a boast, he chewed his fountain pen.

"What on earth could he write about?" he thought. "Editor Jones said he'd be critical and cynically, with the eager, hungry, longing look of a spider for fly, and thinking, 'Tom supposed, that he would not do.'

But the luck of youth was with him. He wrote what he thought was wanted. In half an hour the sketch was finished and submitted. The work of this short time was wonderfully weird and weirdly wonderful. He felt sure it would be ac- cepted.

"The idea," said Jones, reading the draft without a smile on his face; "the idea is old. Won't do. Try a spontaneous joke."

Tom's heart felt sore, but he was buoyed by the chance to try again. He tried hard. Jokes do not come at the bidding of any man. But inspiration came once more, this time in the sound of a boy's whistling.

Editor—Here, boy; I don't pay you for whistling. Oh, that's all right; I don't charge you nothin'."

"I think you get better as you go on," remarked Jones, striding a match to the editorial cornucopia he was smoking. "That strikes me as being good because—well, you see, it was once told by a famous joker. You might have heard of it. Oh, very well; we won't take up a course of history. Ever write poetry?"

"Yes," Tom dashed off a humorous quatrain.

"Tom salivated his wife and wrote the verses asked for—that is, the best he could do in that direction. He submitted his lines:

Don't take, I pray, a pen in hand To dash off verse or funny 'Till you've a bankbook at command— A poet makes no money."

At last he had Jones laughing, and Tom thought he had hit the mark, so far, mused. "Ah, that's very true, mused Jones. "Very true—a poet makes no money. And no wonder, if you call that stuff poetry. And, pardon me, I don't think it's very good."

"Then I've failed in everything!" asked Tom, and choked down the burning sob which mounted to his throat.

"I'll give you one more trial. Write up a love story—one dealing with perfect happiness. Make it funny and brief—it's bound to be funny if you fill the 'happiness' part."

Tom thought he would be funny if he could write a love story. Still, others had done it. So, scarcely thinking, he wrote: Joe and Jack loved Maude. She chose Jack. They were wed, and Joe lived happily ever after.

"That's short and to the point," com- mended Jones. "And I think we can do the experiment right here. I'll let you

know when I render a decision. Can't tell in a minute. Good day."

With Tom out of the way, Jones had time to think. Big publications can be "editorial den" back to its natural condition. Then he sought Tom's father, to tell him of the boy's ambition.

"I think we can break the young man's fondness for humorous writing for a time at least," he said. "I'll have him come down here to your office tomorrow, and I'll casually drop in and see him."

So the following day, the second and last act of the thrilling drama, "Side- tracking an Ambition," was enacted. Jones entered the office, and there, to the "great surprise," found Tom.

"Ah," he said, "this is fortunate. I want to speak about our affair of yester- day. Go ahead," said the father. "I'll get out."

The Rib-Tickler likes your work," began Jones. "We are after new writers. And you've got some. We are entitled to the work of writers we find. You will write for us?"

"Tom gave an affirmative reply. Here was a chance to shine. "We pay on publication," went on Jones. "That's the worst feature of the game. Big publications can be 'editorial den' back to its natural condition. Then he sought Tom's father, to tell him of the boy's ambition."

"I think we can break the young man's fondness for humorous writing for a time at least," he said. "I'll have him come down here to your office tomorrow, and I'll casually drop in and see him."

So the following day, the second and last act of the thrilling drama, "Side- tracking an Ambition," was enacted. Jones entered the office, and there, to the "great surprise," found Tom.

"Ah," he said, "this is fortunate. I want to speak about our affair of yester- day. Go ahead," said the father. "I'll get out."

The Rib-Tickler likes your work," began Jones. "We are after new writers. And you've got some. We are entitled to the work of writers we find. You will write for us?"

"Tom gave an affirmative reply. Here was a chance to shine. "We pay on publication," went on Jones. "That's the worst feature of the game. Big publications can be 'editorial den' back to its natural condition. Then he sought Tom's father, to tell him of the boy's ambition."